

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS, 19, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

NUMBER 392.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1839.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."  
ST PAUL.

### THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.\*

PART THE FIRST.

MARGARET SHEIL had been born on the estate of the O'Dwyers; and the truth of the legend, which asserted that her father's grandfather or great-grandfather was killed at some famous battle defending the life of Gerald O'Dwyer, "a grate man intirely," was never for a moment doubted by the gentry, or "the people." Margaret was not likely to question its authenticity, for she lived almost always amid the wreck and remnants of the "big house," which had fallen into wretched decay; a sort of authorised follower of the family, tending the lady, a poor weak delicate woman, and cherishing, beyond every earthly thing, a wild, careless, thoughtless youth, the last of a race remarkable (if such a character, being Irish, could be considered remarkable some fifty years ago) for its profuseness and extravagance. The O'Dwyer family had fallen in consequence of this heedless expenditure of a pound, where *care*, with a *shilling*, could have done as much—fallen to the very depths of embarrassment and poverty; and the young man's mother, sickly in mind and body, worn out with the whirling cares and distracting anxieties which a year before had buried her husband beneath their ruins, was not able to think or act. In Ireland, if misfortune falls upon a portion of a respectable house, the distressed too frequently live upon the wealthy, thinking it derogatory to exert themselves; this brings down, sooner or later, the prop whereon they rested, and is both mean and cruel. But poor Mrs O'Dwyer had no prop to lean on; her husband's family having been long before levelled in the dust from the habits to which I have alluded. They had kept open house for years past telling. Poor O'Dwyer, her husband, died in jail; and the mercy of a creditor left the widow and her son the ruined walls of their ancestors, their only shelter against the pelting of the pitiless storm. What had been the garden to the ruined mansion, was, by the positive charity of the tenants who had passed with the land to other landlords, cultivated for her benefit; they managed to find hours or days to sow potatoes and cut turf for "her honour," and treated the wild, buoyant, boisterous lad, who was as free and frank in his bearing as if he were master of the soil, with the respect and attention which they said "they owed the family." It was very touching to witness the various little attentions—small in service, but rich in love—which were heaped upon the widow by the untiring hand of Irish gratitude; and no one was more devoted to her service than was Margaret Sheil. Margaret was a small, active, neat, little body; fair and blue-eyed—eyes so bright and blue, that they seemed to dart into futurity; and Margaret's character was in keeping with her eyes, for she looked forward with a long-headedness very *unIrish*. She was gifted with a much greater degree of worldly knowledge than her mistress. She would even take upon herself to lecture her favourite Garrett O'Dwyer himself whenever he did any thing which she considered it wrong for an O'Dwyer to do. This was not often, for he appeared

to her as near perfection as man could be. Garrett had attained the age of nineteen; could fight like—like an Irishman; sing—like an Irishman; dance—like an Irishman; was thoughtless—as an Irishman; generous—as an Irishman; proud—as an Irishman; poor—as an Irishman! His mother, when he was about six years old, had refused the offer of a relative to take and educate the child, partly because he was the only O'Dwyer who had ever been in trade, and more than partly because her heart clung, as mothers' hearts will cling, to their solace, their hope, their all!

Garrett had been long engaged in both open and covert rebellion against petticoat government; wished to go abroad, to enlist, to do any thing rather than remain at home; but when the scoldings and reprimands of the mother failed, her tears always triumphed, and Garrett would lay down his gun and take up his flute, the only two luxuries he enjoyed.

His coat was of frieze, and his hat was of straw; and yet there was not a handsomer fellow in the county; he rode admirably; the neighbouring gentry would always lend him a horse, which he was always anxious to borrow, and would have given him as many dinners as he could eat, and, in those claret days, as much claret as he could drink; but he declined dinners almost invariably.

"Masther Garrett dear," said Margaret to him one afternoon, "Misther Grace has sent a gorsoon\* over the mountain to ask ye to dine with him to-day. Go, *avick machree*; ye're all as one as a man, now, and ought to go."

"No, Margaret, I'll not go; the food, the meat, would poison me when I thought of my mother striving to swallow potatoes, dry potatoes, here in these ruins."

"That's kind of ye too, Masther Garrett dear; but, darlint, sure it's better to have the paytees dry than wet, any way. Maybe the sand will turn!"

"When it's run, all run," replied the lad; "but I can't stay here much longer, at all rates."

"Nor wont be needed, Masther Garrett," said Margaret; "I wanted to break it to you, *avick*, and didn't know how, rightly. *She'll not be in it* many weeks; so don't cross her by contrayriness, any how; don't." The truth startled the youth; he was unprepared for it; he could not speak; and Margaret Sheil turned away muttering, "The craythur! them menkind never likes to let each other or the women see their tears."

She had said the truth; in another week, Garrett saw, and told her that he saw, the fearful change, and yet, strange to say, he absented himself from the place. This astonished Margaret, who knew how much he loved his mother, and how much he had been ready to sacrifice for her; the poor lady had become almost unconscious of passing events, and yet Garrett had not returned.

Now, Margaret was in agony lest she should die without leaving her son her blessing, and dispatched many messengers to seek him, but in vain. Mrs O'Dwyer had passed some hours in that state of inanity which foreruns death; the heaving of the poor worn chest, the occasional sighs, the rattle in the throat, had increased as the night closed; the wind hissed through the crevices into the chamber of death, howled its mad revels in the dilapidated hall, and rushed furiously through the passages and up the chimnies. Margaret had taken off her apron to prevent the light being extinguished, and pinning one end of it to the bed-post, fastened the other to a chair. The priest had given her the last sacrament, and Margaret ever and anon, when the body heaved with a convulsive movement, brought the crucifix to her lips

and repeated a prayer. The neighbours, who had watched with her to near midnight, returned to their cabins, save one old woman, who slept soundly in a corner on a chest. Again the lady heaved and moaned.

"Oh," exclaimed Margaret, "that the Lord would but send her her child. She'll never have an easy death till she sees him!"

"I am here," whispered Garrett, stealing through the darkness; "here I am!" The young man's face was pale and haggard; large drops stood upon his brow, his beautiful bright hair hung around his face. Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise, and they conversed in an under tone for a moment or two, and then with strong emotion the young man threw himself upon his mother's bed, calling to her in the most piercing accents to bless and forgive him. Nature was strong within him; he shed bitter and abundant tears over his dying parent.

The poor lady could not speak, but a faint smile irradiated her features for a moment; twice she smiled on him, and placed her hand upon his head; he felt her fingers rest upon his brow like icicles; he laid his cheek to hers; a breath cold and chill passing from her lips made him start; the fingers no longer pressed; they stiffened amid his hair.

"I knew," said Margaret, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks, "I knew she'd never make an easy death till she saw ye."

"Margaret, Margaret," whispered Garrett, when he could articulate, "leave her for a few minutes with others, and come with me. Grace, and Stacey, and many of the neighbours, are watching about the ruins to be of use; I saw them as I stole past. Come with me, for God's sake, or I shall go mad!"

Garrett almost dragged Margaret Sheil from the chamber of death. She had stifled the cries which the poor Irish send forth, and which disturb the quiet of the solemn scene; but when the watchers entered, their cries shook the old walls and mingled with the howling wind.

"What call can I have to your room now?" said Margaret, as she climbed up the ruined stairs leading to a small turret-chamber he called his own. "Sure the bed has been made, and not touched for more than a week."

Garrett made no answer, but strode to the bedside, paused, turned round, looked at Margaret, and then slowly moving down the coarse coverlet, the woman, to her astonishment, saw a new-born sleeping infant.

"Mother of mercy!" she exclaimed, "whose is this?"

"MINE!" was the astounding reply. "The child is MINE."

"Yours, Masther Garrett, yours! The Lord be about us! Sure it isn't in earnest you are?"

"God help me, and keep me my senses," he answered; "I am in earnest; the child is mine."

"And its mother?"

"Again," replied the youth, "God help us all! Its mother and its grandmother are both corpses this woeful night. Its mother—so young—so—so—Oh, Moyna, Moyna, what you suffered for me!"

Margaret Sheil stepped back from gazing with that tenderness which only women feel towards the little undefined-looking heap of infant helplessness, that seemed unconscious of its own existence, and repeated, "Moyna—what Moyna! Not Moyna of Ferry Barret, on whom shame has lain heavy for the last three months! Oh, not that young, sweet girl! Oh, Masther Garrett, if you brought Moyna of Ferry Barret to sin, and shame, and death, the Lord had need look down on ye, for *ye*ur sin is scarlet."

"Listen to me, Margaret," he said, sadly; "I did

\* I have been occupied for some time in illustrating at length, in a novel called "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," the strong and enduring fidelity of an Irish nurse. When the above story of the attachment of Margaret Sheil was related to me, it struck me as another instance of the beautiful faithfulness I have endeavoured to portray in the character of Katty Mac-Kane, in the work to which I refer. It gives me pleasure to record a new example of a virtue for which I hope my native land will long be justly celebrated.

\* Boy.

not bring her to sin or shame—we were married by Father Myles."

"Father Myles!" repeated Margaret contemptuously; "Father Myles indeed!—a runaway Roman! a half friar! a couple-beggar! nothing more nor less. Father Myles's marriage isn't worth a trameen, that's what it's not; and sweet and purty as Moyna was, she was no match for an O'Dwyer!"

"I knew my mother would never consent. The poor girl sent for me when her trouble came on her; and oh, Margaret, but I have suffered—the abuse of her people—the agony of hearing she must die. And when die she did, after placing the baby in my arms, her father cursed us both, and turned me—me, Garrett O'Dwyer—as a dog from his door!"

Margaret clasped her hands.

"Think what I've gone through! I shed no tear for my bright-eyed girl that I loved, and who loved me, by stream and hill and valley, ever since we met, before we knew what love was, before it had marked us to break our hearts: to see her die, and she not all out seventeen—to be hunted like a wild dog from her corse—to come here—to catch the last breath of my mother—oh, Moyna, Moyna, I could not cry for you! my sorrow was too deep for tears to soothe it. Her father would have murdered me, but her mother saved me, when I had not power to save myself; and then I would have my child. I can't tell you how I got off; I only know that I covered it close in my bosom, that I did not heed its cries, that I brought it to you, Margaret; and that I ask you, in the name of her whose eyes you have just closed, to look to that child, to be a mother to it. The blood of the O'Dwyers is in its veins, and you have been a faithful 'follower of the family' since you were born."

"May the Lord look down on me, as I am," she replied, falling on her knees. "Maybe it'll be for luck after all. Oh, why should I be talking of luck, and this heavy trouble in the house! Oeh, my grief, to think of it! Oh, Masther Garrett, you was desperate 'cute—but what has it done for ye! The baby's an O'Dwyer, sure enough—just the nose and the mouth; it's a noble fine baby. Oh, thin, Masther Garrett, I can thank God the mistress didn't live to know this last turn; you married by a couple-beggar to Moyna of Ferry Barret, and her people—the likes o' them insulting an O'Dwyer; oh, that's what comes of young men wandering over the country! The poor mistress!"

Margaret, or, as she was usually called, Marg'ate, went on talking, forgetting for a moment the dead in the living. Garrett looked on his child for a little time, heedless of her words. There was an expression upon his countenance as if ten years of sad and harrowing trouble had been added to his young life. Earnestly did he look at the infant, as if anxious to impress its features on his memory, then turned away without another word, and left it to the care of the faithful follower. The little helpless stranger woke and cried; Margaret found that it was loosely wrapt in flannel and shawls; before she attempted to return to whence she came, she fed and warmed it, talking to it all the time, and determining that it should be called Evelyn, after the grand lady of the family. This arrangement passed rapidly through her mind, but the good creature was sadly perplexed between sorrow and anxiety. At last she determined to leave the sleeping babe, and return to perform the last duties towards the mistress. "The neighbours," that is, the poor, were scattered through the house, lingering till they should be admitted to take a "last look at the mistress;" the women in the chamber were waiting till the "follower of the family" came to give the necessary directions—which, as there were no female relations, she was expected to do.

And Margaret performed her task with extraordinary command over the feelings, which at any other time would have overpowered her; the frigid limbs were decently arranged, the drapery folded, the candles lit, the water sprinkled, and then Margaret began to wonder where the young master was. Daylight came on stealthily, as if unwilling to look on the destruction of the night; but it *did* come, and she sought him every where in vain. That Garrett should leave the house at such a time, was a matter of astonishment to all. The women said that he had entered his mother's room, and one had seen him kneeling by the corpse, and another heard him weeping. It seemed very evident, however, that he was *gone*; and what increased the mystery was, that no one had seen him depart.

Margaret knew not what to do. There was something unnatural in permitting his mother's body to go unattended to the grave; something so shocking in

the idea of his deserting his child, that the humble follower could only wring her hands in bitter sorrow. Another matter was also to be considered; there were no means to lay the remains decently in the earth. The priest, Margaret knew, would go without his dues, for the sake of the family; the carpenter would make the coffin—not because he had ever been employed by Mrs O'Dwyer, but for the sake of the family—but then he could not give the timber, because he had none to give. This difficulty, however, was obviated by the suggestion that enough of planks could be raised from the flooring of the rooms, which was accordingly done. Some of the more wealthy of the humble class sent "presents" of the materials supposed at that period to constitute the respectability of an Irish wake. And the poor lady was followed to her grave not only by the followers of the family, but by many of the gentry, who at that time never neglected to keep up the credit of their caste at a funeral. The morning (the third after the poor lady's death) appointed for the ceremony was chill and dreary; the mist lay low upon the mountains, and the scream of the eagle, and croak of the ancient raven, sounded through the filmy clouds. The procession was large, some on horseback, some on foot; two *keeners*, whose ancestors had keened the O'Dwyers time out of mind, attended for the honour of the family; they crouched by the side of the coffin, and ever and anon sent forth their lamentations that the "lady had left her country," spoke of that son who had deserted the last duty he could perform towards his mother, and recounted, in wild disjointed stanzas, the heroic deeds of gone-by times, when the O'Dwyers had "more land of their own than the eagle could see from the top of Shingrannaugh," when they had horses to carry their faction to battle, when their name flamed through the country like lightning, when every eye that saw blessed them, and their voice was as the sound of music to the country; but now the wind rattled where the wine had flowed, the hard-headed and hard-hearted possessed their land, and there was no one to shed the heart's tears upon the grave of the poor lady, but "the follower of the family."

There was, however, another of whom the keeners knew nothing; the little helpless infant whom Margaret had concealed beneath the folds of her cloak, so that the poor lady, her mistress, might have some one of her own blood to see her in her grave. Margaret Sheil having performed this last duty, as she had done all others, with zeal and fidelity, bethought her that in a day or two she must leave the ruin which could hardly afford shelter to any but the wild owl or chattering jackdaw. The keeners at her lady's funeral had stigmatised as hard-headed and hard-hearted those who had honestly possessed the land which the O'Dwyers had wasted, but Margaret knew they did not deserve the blame, and after removing what few things were left by the spoiler Time, she prepared to depart to the house of a younger brother, where she was much needed, as the poor fellow had lost his wife. He lived in a neighbouring town, and it was with regret that Margaret exchanged the freshness of the air and wild sweetness of the fields for the noise and vapours of a congregation of ill-built dirty houses. The night before she quitted the last seat of the O'Dwyers, the maternal grandmother of the little baby came stealthily to the ruins, to look upon her daughter's child. Her husband, she said, prayed that it might die; but she forgave her poor girl; she believed she had been a wife in the sight of God, and that was a comfort to her. She threw some light upon the disappearance of Garrett; he had become linked in his wanderings with some mountaineers, who plotted treason deeply and dangerously. Garrett's superior intelligence and address made him a sort of leader amongst them, and two of the party having been arrested some time before, the military were on the look-out for Garrett, who, she said, her husband believed had quitted the country. Margaret consoled herself with this intelligence. "He did not desert us from choice; I knew he did not—I knew he did not," she repeated to herself, and the secret and unworthy marriage, the reckless and imprudent daring which made him link with dangerous characters, seemed as nought in the eyes of "the follower of the family." Now convinced that Garrett had "not deserted them from choice," all his folly, all his thoughtlessness, were forgiven.

"I often tould the mistress," she said, "that she was trying to rein in a red-deer of the hills with a rope of sand."

The poor bereaved widow departed with many tears, which Margaret was particularly careful should not fall on Evelyn's face, deeming it not lucky, as she said, "that the salt of a tear should fret its tender skin for the first three months." Her brother, it must be remembered, was one of the same clan; and though he had two little ones of his own, he welcomed the infant brought by his sister with an humble affection most touching to witness.

"It has the blood in its veins of those who sheltered our forefathers, and we should not want if they were to the fore, as in old times," said the man; "neither shall it want love, duty, or respect, while I have a bit to give my own. Tache them to serve it, Margaret; sure its being with us doesn't make it like us; it's an O'Dwyer, God bless it."

Murtoth Sheil avowed that "the young lady," as he always called her, "brought a blessing to his 'four walls' from the day she entered them—every thing thrue so."

This was true; the Almighty blesses us in this world for our good deeds; but Margaret's right thinking, industry, and cleanliness, was also a blessing of magnitude, and "Murtoth's sixpence went as far as any one else's shilling." This was evident to all, and the little babe acquired the happy second name of "Blessed"—the blessed Evelyn—from her poor neighbours, whose affectionate attentions entitled them to the epithet of friends.

#### THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

[The following paper has been prepared for the Journal by Mr E. C. Delavan, of New York, first secretary of the American Temperance Society. We cordially give it a place, because we believe that the Total Abstinence system is doing much good, and that all friends of their species are called upon to countenance it. We are also humbly of opinion that the movement here described has no small interest as a fact in the moral history of mankind.]

PREVIOUS to the commencement of the temperance reformation in the United States of America in 1826, ardent spirit was in common use in almost every family, and was generally considered as a healthful beverage, and, when used in moderation, injurious to none, and indeed essential to the labouring man.

This opinion regarding the nature of ardent spirit, together with its low price—enabling a man by the labour of a few hours to procure sufficient to keep him intoxicated for days—produced the most mischievous effects on the community, and came near to realising the character given them by a distinguished traveller, of being "a nation of drunkards." Even while this beverage still retained its place on the sideboard of the wealthy, as well as in the houses of the poor, thinking men could not avoid feeling alarm at the melancholy fact constantly presented to them, that great numbers of men and women had already become drunkards, and were daily becoming drunkards, useless to their families, and burdens on the public. Good men began earnestly to preach against intemperance, and press the necessity of moderation in the use of that which even they themselves considered in moderation a good thing. It was the conviction that no moderation, however strict, in the use of a thing in itself essentially bad—as they by degrees discovered it to be—could remedy the evil, which forced them to take a more decided course; and a few patriotic individuals of the state of Massachusetts, who had met at Boston early in 1826, to consider the evils and remedy of intemperance, after a careful examination of the whole matter, felt themselves constrained to declare, that, "in their opinion, the only sure remedy for the evil was total abstinence from the article which occasioned it." This was the origin of the American Temperance Society.

It was very soon perceived that a vast work was to be done, and that a judicious division of labour was absolutely necessary. The friends of the cause, therefore, each devoted himself to that branch for which his present circumstances, and previous habits, had best fitted him. Some of their earliest efforts were directed to the collecting of facts illustrative of the effects of ardent spirit on all classes and conditions of men, and some of the first talent of the country was devoted to the inquiry.

Benjamin F. Butler, Esq., attorney-general of the United States, having retired on purpose from his professional duties, engaged himself for several weeks in the investigation of various documents, which resulted in a conviction that the United States were then suffering a yearly loss in money of at least one hundred millions of dollars\* by the use of ardent spirit alone. This statement he published, together with the authorities and calculations on which it was founded; and diffused as it was in religious, political, and temperance papers, it produced a mighty effect in directing public attention to the subject as a question of political economy. Perhaps no single effort has resulted in more good.

About the same period, or shortly after, Mr Samuel Chipman, an individual peculiarly qualified for the collection of statistics, was employed for nearly two years, at the sole expense of a friend of the cause in the state of New York, to inquire into the individual history of every pauper in the workhouses, and also of every criminal in the jails, in that state (being fifty-six of each), and to make the like inquiry in the state prisons, the penitentiaries, the orphan asylums, and other establishments for the deprived and wretched. No labour or expense was spared by him in collecting the information; and so careful was he to verify it, that he always obtained certificates of the superintendents of the various establishments he visited. The result of these inquiries clearly proved that three-fourths of all the crime and pauperism in our state, and the like proportion of local taxation, could be traced, directly or indirectly, to the use of ardent spirit. These facts were published in a pamphlet form, to the number of one hundred thousand, and furnished (for the most part gratuitously) to every leading individual in the Union that could be reached, and in some districts to every family. They were also published, in an abridged form, in tracts, and in various religious, political, and temperance papers, until every individual could, if he pleased, be in possession of them; and although they have been before the public several years, no one has ever attempted publicly to controvert their correctness.

\* Above 21 millions of pounds sterling.



Another fact:—For one week Mr Chipman took his seat by the side of Mr Cole, the police justice of the city of Albany, and with him inquired into each of the fifty criminal cases which came before him, and all but two were distinctly traced to strong drink. The same justice (Mr Cole) gave a written opinion that out of the twenty-five hundred cases that came before him during the previous year, ninety-six in the hundred were from the same cause.

Appeals were then made to physicians, and a very large proportion of that influential profession responded by declaring that ardent spirit was in no case useful, but invariably injurious, as a drink, to men in health.

It was by first collecting such facts as these, and then publishing them by millions, that the public attention was aroused, and in the course of a few years an organisation was formed, of the influence of almost the whole country, to put down this enormous evil.

The first periodical devoted exclusively to temperance was published at Albany in New York, and was called "the Temperance Recorder." Of this paper twenty thousand copies of the first number were gratuitously distributed at the expense of one of our most wealthy and benevolent citizens (the Honourable Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany), who, in addition, subsequently contributed large sums to advance the cause. In the course of a few years, the circulation of this paper had increased to two hundred and twenty thousand copies monthly. For two years, a Quarterly Temperance Magazine was also published, for which some of the most able men of our country were writers, it being intended chiefly to influence the educated classes. Another very important effort was the getting up of a Temperance Almanack. Of this useful publication one press alone, in one year, printed seven hundred and fifty thousand copies, which were sold at about two pounds sterling the thousand. A powerful argumentative paper, entitled "the Ox Discourse," aimed particularly at the traffic, was also printed and circulated to the number of two millions and two hundred thousand—a copy for every family in our nation. While this amount of printing was going on in the state of New York under the auspices of the Temperance Society, the Religious Tract Society issued millions of pages on the subject. The Seaman's Friend Society also made great efforts to benefit seamen, and enlighten them as to the effect of strong drink. Other state societies were establishing their own papers and publications, and widely spreading the truth throughout their borders.

Gentlemen of wealth, who did not become members of the society, contributed largely to our funds, hoping in that way to be the means of benefiting their country. On one occasion, when a great object was to be attained, fifteen gentlemen of influence and wealth each gave one thousand dollars. The New York State Society alone has expended nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and circulated nearly fifteen millions of periodicals, tracts, almanacks, &c.; and I truly believe that every dollar thus expended has saved the nation a thousand.

At a very early period, one of our most prominent objects was to organise the whole country into societies—the American society at the head, then the state, county, town, and school-district societies, the smallest being auxiliary to the next above it, and so on, up to the parent society, in order that once in every year the total results of the general effort might be brought to one point. In the state of New York alone, we had about two thousand societies, numbering from four to five hundred thousand members, and in all the Union, nearly ten thousand societies, and about two millions of members. The opinion at length became very general, that to make, vend, or drink ardent spirit as a beverage, was immoral, and should cease. National and State, county and town, temperance conventions, had declared this to be their opinion; religious bodies had also expressed the same sentiment, and it had become disreputable to use spirit: it was excluded from the sideboard and table, and few but such as disregarded public opinion were found to continue its use. Such an effect was produced on its manufacture, that out of twelve hundred distilleries which had existed in the state of New York at the commencement of the temperance reformation in 1826, less than two hundred now remain, the consumption of ardent spirit throughout the whole Union being reduced by from five-eighths to three-fourths. In consequence of facts collected with great care, and placed before the underwriters of New York, which proved, beyond question, that by far the greater part of all the disasters at sea were occasioned by the use of spirit, they unanimously resolved to take off five per cent. on the premium of insurance of all vessels sailing on the temperance principle, and also voted fifteen hundred dollars to place temperance papers on board ships sailing from the various ports of the United States. This was not done as a temperance movement, but from motives of self-interest, on the same principle as they would have voted money to save any property in jeopardy. Our cause was also much benefited by the government of the United States voting to do away with the spirit rations in the army.

After labouring four or five years, and producing the results I have in part detailed towards putting down the making, vending, and drinking of ardent spirit, the public mind began to demand a more minute investigation as to all the causes of intemperance. Ardent spirit had been exposed, and in a

great degree abandoned, yet drunkenness still remained. It was intimated by those deeply interested in the cause, from various parts of the country, that although men had nearly ceased to get intoxicated with ardent spirit, very, very many (even members of temperance societies) were often intoxicated on wine, beer, and cider, and the demand came to the committee of the New York State Temperance Society from all quarters, that the question as to the injurious or beneficial effects of fermented drinks should be fully discussed; and if it should be proved that the same intoxicating principle existed in them as in the distilled, they should be included in the pledge, and treated in the same manner. To meet these views, the gentlemen who had the charge of the temperance press in Albany established "the American Temperance Intelligencer," a newspaper on a large sheet, for free discussion on this branch of the subject. The first men in the country were invited to give their opinion for and against the use of fermented drinks; and such was the interest excited by this discussion, that during the three years this paper was continued, the circulation rose to sixty, and, on more than one occasion, to one hundred thousand per month, it being a monthly publication like "the Recorder." It was only discontinued because parties could no longer be found to advocate in print the doctrine that alcohol in fermented drinks was different from alcohol in distilled liquors, and useful as a beverage. As soon as it was generally known that alcohol was the product of fermentation, the American Society, the New York State Society, and most of the old societies throughout the country, organised themselves anew, and on the principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, as the only means of saving the drunkard or preventing intemperance. Facts of the most convincing character were constantly produced, proving clearly, that unless the societies took this stand, all that had been already done would be eventually lost, and the reformation must be abandoned. When I left America, I did not know of a single society that was exerting any influence on the old ardent spirit pledge exclusively; and although nearly every state has its temperance periodical, there is not one advocating the cause on any other principle than that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. We ascertained, among other facts, that in the state of New York alone, of the five thousand drunkards reformed during one year on the ardent-spirit pledge, about one-half returned again to drunkenness the next year, and in almost every case this fall was occasioned by taking fermented drinks, so that we lost all confidence in the old pledge as to its value for the permanent reformation of drunkards, of whom it was acknowledged (from various computations) that we had from three to five hundred thousand in our Union. We found also, that although distilleries were rapidly diminishing in number, breweries were as rapidly increasing, and also that ardent spirit was consumed in large quantities for the manufacture of an article sold and drunk under the name of wine, although in all probability most of it contained not one drop of the juice of the grape. It seemed evident that the effort to put down the use of ardent spirit was making the fortune of the beer and wine brewers, and that the drunkenness of the country, instead of being dried up, was only flowing in other channels, producing the same flood of misery as when the product of ardent spirit. We traced the influence of cider in the agricultural districts where it was most used, and found that it produced the appetite for stronger drinks. We made the same inquiries respecting wine, and traced the destruction of the youth of the wealthy classes to the practice of daily taking a little at their fathers' tables. I had my own wine analysed by one of our first chemists. The old port contained 48½ per cent. of spirit of the strength of brandy, and the average of the Madeira was 42½ per cent., so that two glasses of either were nearly as intoxicating as one glass of pure brandy. Indeed, the effect of fermented liquors was fully tested in the town of Peterboro', Madison county, New York, where there were thirty-nine drunkards, all of whom were permanently reformed by abstaining from all that could intoxicate, although several went back while only abstaining from ardent spirit.

When the national and state societies first changed their pledge, interest, appetite, and fashion, were all arrayed against us. We defended ourselves with facts which could not be disputed. The ministers of religion, who had generally been with us on the old pledge, deserted us in great numbers when we came to total abstinence: they had objections, I doubt not, satisfactory to themselves. Although we were greatly out of favour, we sent them regularly our publications, and our agents visited them to explain our views and intentions, to endeavour to remove prejudices, and above all to relate facts. These means ultimately brought into our ranks a great proportion of this most influential class. We have in the state of New York twenty-two hundred and fifty ministers of the gospel. Of these, eighteen months since, nineteen hundred and fifty had either pledged themselves to our cause, or were advocating its principles; and probably not far from the same proportion are with us throughout the Union. I really believe that at this time any minister in the United States who should advocate the habitual use of any intoxicating drink, would lose the confidence of his people. Perhaps a few in our largest cities might form an exception.

Another effect of the total abstinence principle is,

that in proportion as it has been adopted, in that proportion the jails and poor-houses have become thinly tenanted, and in some instances entirely vacant, and all branches of industry more flourishing. Great efforts have been made to learn from manufacturers the effect of our system on their establishments, and the prevailing answer is, that the cold-water principle is equal to a protecting duty of twenty per cent. to the manufacturer, while the benefit to the workmen and their families is incalculable. Indeed, in every department of industry, we find, in addition to the great moral and religious benefits, immense pecuniary gain. The apples which the farmer used to convert into cider, to derange the moral and physical faculties of himself, his family, and his workmen, he now makes greatly more profitable as food for his stock. Among some of our later efforts, one of the most beneficial has been through the agency of Mr Chipman, who was so eminently useful in collecting statistics for the old society. He felt that, although the prisons and the almshouses had been visited, the half of the evils brought on the community by the use of intoxicating liquors was not yet developed, and he commenced visiting all the physicians of three counties, and ascertained from them, by a reference to their books, that, during the period of their practice, as regarded their own patients, one-third of the deaths of the adult males were produced by drunkenness; that such persons on the average died twelve years sooner than the temperate; and that nineteen-twentieths were heads of families. To these facts Mr Chipman obtained the certificates of the physicians of whom he made the inquiry.

A further effect of the temperance movement has been to bring the licence law prominently before the public mind. While it is conceded that its object was to check, it is affirmed that its effect is (by professing to legalise) to render respectable the traffic in strong drink; that this traffic, bringing, as it has been fully proved to do, poverty, misery, and crime upon the land, is wrong, and should not be sustained by law; that it cannot be just and right to commission one set of men to degrade and ruin others, or sell them substances which will surely do so. Already six states of the Union have made it a subject of legislation, some annulling the licence law altogether, and others taking steps which will soon bring them to the same result, and I believe that in five years not a state in our Union will license one portion of its citizens to degrade and impoverish another portion, and reduce them to a condition in which the sober and industrious are obliged to support them as criminals or paupers.

#### THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

At home, abroad, wherever seen or heard,  
Still is the sparrow just the self-same bird;  
Thievish and clamorous, hardy, bold and base,  
Unlike all others of the feathered race.  
The bully of his tribe—to all beyond  
The gipsy, beggar, knave, and vagabond!

It may be thought that I have here dealt hard measure to the sparrow, but the character I have given of him will be recognised by those who know him, as true. Cowper calls them a thievish race, that, scared as often as you please,

As oft return, a pert, voracious kind;  
and that every farmer knows to be. What multitudes do you see dropping down upon or rising from the wheat as it is ripening in the fields! Formerly a price was set upon their heads and eggs by country parishes. In many places a penny was given for a sparrow's head, and the same for three or four eggs; but this is now done away with, and the farmer must destroy them himself, or pay dearly for it in his corn.

Nothing can exceed the self-complacency of this bird. You see him build his nest amongst the richest tracery of a church roof or window; within the very coronet or escutcheon set up over the gate of hall or palace. We saw, this summer, the hay and litter of his nest hanging out from the richly cut initial letters of William and Mary over one of the principal windows of Hampton Court. Nay, he would build in a span-new V.R. set up only yesterday, or in the queen's very crown itself, though it were worth a kingdom, if it were only conveniently placed for his purpose. He thinks nothing too good for him.

But the most provoking part of his character is, the pleasure which he takes in teasing, molesting, and hectoring over birds of the most quiet and inoffensive nature. He builds about your houses, and thinks no other bird has any business to do the same. The martin, which loves to build under the eaves of our dwellings, after crossing the seas from some far country, has especially to bear his insolence and aggressions. There is a pretty story in the "Evenings at Home," of two of these interesting birds, who had their nest usurped by a sparrow, getting together their fellows, and building him up in the nest, where he was left a prisoner amid his plunder. But the gentleness of the martin is so great, that such an instance of poetical justice is more curious, than likely to occur a second time. But every summer the sparrow lords it over the martin, and frequently drives it away by its impertinence. We watched his behaviour this year with a good deal of attention. Two pairs of martins came and built their nests beneath the eaves of the stable, near each other. Scarcely were the nests half finished, when several sparrows were seen watching on the tiles



close to them, chirping loudly and conceitedly, and every now and then flying at the martins. The nests, however, were completed; but no sooner was this done, than the sparrows took possession of them, and lined them with coarse hay, which is an abomination to the martin, which lines its nest with the softest feathers. Having witnessed this, we waited for about ten days, by which time we supposed the sparrows would have laid their full number of eggs; and a ladder was set up, in order to inflict just retribution on them by taking the whole. But to our surprise there were none! The hay was therefore carefully removed, that the martins, if they pleased, might re-take possession; but the very next day, the nests were again filled with hay, and long bents of it hung dangling from the entrance-hole. The sparrows had, with wonderful assiduity, and, as it were, with a feeling of vindictive spite, refilled the nests with as much hay as they ordinarily carry to their own nests in several days. Now, it was supposed they would really lay in these nests, but no such thing—they never did. Their only object had been to dislodge the martins, for it was found that these very sparrows had nests of their own in the water-spouts of the house, with young ones in them at the very time, and their purpose of ousting the martins from their own nests being accomplished, the hay remained in the nests quietly all summer.

But this was not all. The poor martins, driven from the stable, came now to the house; and, as if for special protection, began to build their nests under the roof, nearly over the front door. No sooner was this intention discovered by the sparrows, than they were all in arms again. They were seen watching for hours on the tiles just above, chirping, strutting to and fro, flying down upon the martins when they came to their nests with materials, and loudly calling upon their fellow sparrows to help them to be as offensive as possible. The martins, however, rendered now more determined, persisted in their building, and so far succeeded as to prevent the sparrows getting more than a few bents of hay into their nests when complete. The martins laid their eggs; but for several times successively, the sparrows entered in their absence, and hoisted out all the eggs, which of course fell to the ground and were dashed to pieces. Provoked at this mischievous propensity of the sparrows, we had them now shot at, which had the desired effect. One or two of them were killed, and the rest took the hint, and permitted the martins to hatch and rear their young in peace.—*Mrs Howitt's Birds and Flowers*, 1838.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### LIFE-ASSURANCE.

ALTHOUGH the advertisements of life-assurance companies and societies meet the eye in every newspaper, it is surprising how large a portion of the community remains in ignorance of the nature of those institutions. We have heard of individuals conducting extensive business in the same street with several life-assurance societies, who, on the subject being adverted to in their presence, showed that they had all along misunderstood the very leading objects of life-assurance. We lately endeavoured to explain the nature of these societies, with a view to removing, as far as was in our power, this lamentable ignorance; it is a subject, however, which may bear to be touched upon again and again; and we now return to it for the purpose of adding a few facts tending to impress in a lively manner the practical benefits which may arise to those who mutually insure money upon life.

The first class of our facts relates to cases where the life lasted a *short while*; the second, to cases where the life lasted a *long while*. In both it will be seen that the benefit was of a very remarkable nature.

When any one has paid the first premium of insurance for a sum upon his life, that sum, of course, is liable to be realised the very next instant by his decease. Suppose he, being a man of six-and-thirty, were to insure five hundred pounds, the premium for one year would be somewhere about fourteen pounds in most offices. This fourteen pounds being paid, supposing he dies next moment, the office is bound to pay his heirs the five hundred pounds, by which transaction it is clear four hundred and eighty-six pounds have been gained, and that at no one's expense, as the same thing might have happened to any of the co-assurers. There are of course many chances against the termination of his life taking place at that moment; but yet the registers of the insurance offices could show many cases in which death took place surprisingly soon after the commencement of the transaction. An instance of death occurring during the week following the payment of the first premium, did once, we have heard, occur in Edinburgh. In the records of one particular office, we have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium was paid. We find, for instance, L.500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; L.800, after 330 days; L.600 after 206 days; L.500 after only 74 days; L.1000 after four months; and so forth. About three years ago there occurred one particular case, of a very striking nature. An industrious man engaged in flax-spinning, and who had sunk most of what he had in a concern of that nature, insured L.500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium; in the ensuing April, not satis-

fied with the first sum, he insured L.500 more; next month, after the second policy had run only *twenty-two days*, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery. Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of a thousand pounds to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had, if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner! We do injustice to our case, when we speak of this as profit. It has nothing of the mercantile about it. It is a rescuing, by the most fair means possible, of the widow and fatherless from affliction.

In our former article on this subject, it was shown that most mutual life societies, from demanding a safe amount of premium, acquired in part the character of banks for savings. What is superfluous after paying the demands of a year, is sunk in profitable securities, for the ultimate benefit of the members. The accumulations usually reach a large amount in the course of a few years, if the management have been at all prudent. For instance, L.100, insured in the Equitable Society (of London) in 1816, had become L.152 in 1829, thirteen years after the commencement of the policy. Any one who insured L.1000 in 1806, had died in 1829, would have left L.2117 to his heirs. Policies effected in 1796, for L.2000, had a bonus or addition of L.4014 put to them in 1829, making L.6014 in all. It is said that the largest addition ever made to a policy in this office was L.496 per cent., nearly a quintupling of the original amount. That policy was effected before May 1776, and it survived 1829. Thus we see that while the insurer has all along the inexpressible comfort of the certainty of leaving his family a certain sum, he is also, in a certain sense, getting rich by the increase which befalls all that part of his annual payments which is not required to make good the claims of those who sink by the way while he goes on in the enjoyment of life.

Having thus put some of the benefits of life-assurance into a still more practical light than before, we conclude our note by once more recommending all who have any income at all, and any dependent relations whom their death might make desolate, to ASSURE UPON THEIR LIVES. It is by far the most safe and convenient means of providing for a family, and decidedly the most unselfish mode of accumulating this world's pelf.

##### LABOURING CLASSES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr James, in his "Six Months in South Australia," has the following remark:—"It was pleasing to see in Adelaide the importance and respectability of the working classes. In proportion as they were scarce, they were properly estimated, and the responsibility of their situations, particularly shepherds, stock-keepers, and such like, had a tendency very much to lessen the distinction between master and man. Of course, this treatment on the part of the employer made the servant a more important personage in his own eyes, increased his self-respect, made him doubly careful of the property committed to his charge, and altogether seemed to take off the pains of servitude."

So must it ever be. The labouring and serving classes must be in moderate number in proportion to the employment for them, and the portion of national wealth that falls to be distributed amongst them for labour and service, in order that they should stand on a footing approximating to independence with their employers. Thriving young colonies must, as long as they are in that condition, be the very paradise of working men, and the larger their families there, the better.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### EARL STANHOPE.

CHARLES STANHOPE, third Earl Stanhope, was born on the 3d August 1753. His grandfather, the founder of this branch of the Stanhope family, was a cadet of the house of Chesterfield, and arrived at high military distinction in what are usually called the Wars of the Succession in Spain. He was afterwards prime minister of Great Britain under George I. His son, the second peer, displayed talents equal to the father's, but in a different form. He addicted himself to the study of the severer sciences, and became one of the most able mathematicians of the day. Son and grandson to these noblemen, the subject of the present memoir fell not beneath them in natural ability, and may be said to have far excelled them in other respects.

At a very early period of boyhood, Charles Stanhope was sent to Eton, but at the age of ten he removed with his father and family to Geneva, where, by the death of his elder brother, he soon afterwards became Viscount Mahon, the title of courtesy given to the eldest sons of the Earls Stanhope. In Geneva the family of Lord Stanhope passed a considerable number of succeeding years, and in this city, accordingly, the young Viscount Mahon received the principal part of his education. His tutor was M. Le Sage, a well-known man of letters in the place. There can be little doubt that the whole political career of the future Earl Stanhope was deeply influenced by the circumstance of his receiving his education in this republican city, and that here were acquired his extreme notions regarding civil liberty, and other points affecting the welfare of great communities. Dr Moore, the well-known traveller and novelist, relates that he once incidentally asked Viscount Mahon, when walking with him in the streets of Geneva, to enter an assembly of persons who were adverse to certain popular opinions held in the republic. "No," said the young nobleman with in-

dignation, "I will not go for a moment into such a society; I consider these men as the enemies of their country." At the same time, while imbibing those sentiments that made him afterwards so noted in his character of a politician, he was actively pursuing a course of training in Geneva, which in time made him equally distinguished as a man of science and letters. Natural philosophy, in all its branches, was his favourite study, and the extent of his knowledge of the subject, almost within the years of boyhood, was decisively shown by his obtaining a prize offered by the Stockholm Society of Arts and Sciences, for the best Essay on the Pendulum. When he won this high distinction, he had but attained the age of eighteen. The essay was written in French, and was published by the donors (we believe) of the prize. This success of so young an individual, and that individual the heir of a wealthy and noble family, must appear remarkable enough, especially when it is considered that many eminent continental men of science would probably be his competitors; yet it may be regarded as a circumstance still more remarkable, that Viscount Mahon's essay was not the fruit of mere reading, like most juvenile compositions on science, but was actually based on numerous original experiments, performed by his lordship in person.

Lord Stanhope (as it will be better to style the subject of our memoir throughout the sequel, though he remained Viscount Mahon till the death of his father in 1786) appears to have passed his majority by a year or two, ere he returned permanently to England in the company of his family. It is told that the whole population of Geneva were affected at the departure of the noble English residents, and that their travelling carriages could scarcely move through the streets, on account of the crowds of poor people assembled to take a last look of those who had been long their generous benefactors. On reaching Britain, the family rank and influence of our young nobleman speedily procured him an entrance into the House of Commons, where he sat until his succession to the Stanhope title called him to the Upper House of Parliament. It was among the peers chiefly that he became famous as a politician. To this point, further allusion will yet be made in this article; but it may be observed here, that *honesty* was his grand feature as a statesman, as is in part evinced by the very fact that, although his lordship married Lady Esther Pitt, eldest daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, he opposed through life the leading measures of his brother-in-law, the second William Pitt, despising all the chances of personal benefit which the latter's long premiership might be supposed to place at the command of any talented and flexible kinsman.

It is in the light of a man of science, and of an inventor in the field of practical mechanics, that we propose first to consider Lord Stanhope. About the year 1775, when he was just leaving the Continent, his lordship addressed himself to the task of discovering some "means of preventing fraudulent practices on the gold coin." The result was the publication of a pamphlet, bearing a title worded nearly as above, and in which he recommended the adoption of various processes calculated to protect all mints from felonious imitations of their issue. The particulars of this plan are of too technical a kind, however, to obtain notice here. Suffice it to say, that, like many of the noble inventor's suggestions, his coinage schemes have probably been long put in practice by those who may never have heard of the inventor's name. His lordship paid some attention, also, to the subject of bank-note forgeries, and we believe that a better preventive of this crime, simple as the device seems, will never be discovered than that which he pointed out. This was merely "the employment of *first-rate engravers*" by the banks that issued notes. Any complication of figures, such as most notes rely on for security, may be imitated by an inferior artist, if he has but patience and perseverance; while, on the other hand, an exquisite, though much more simple specimen of a great engraver's powers, may defy all the half-educated copyist's labours, were he to work at it for a lifetime.

This tendency to revert to plain and simple first principles for the discovery of new scientific agents and expedients, characterised all Lord Stanhope's investigations in natural philosophy. His very interesting and important experiments on the subject of fire, and on the mode of rescuing houses from the dangers of this element, are founded on the simple principle, that without a current of air there can be no combustion—at least of the ordinary kind. His lordship was in the habit of familiarly illustrating this truth by folding a slip of paper tightly around one of his fire-irons, and then applying to it the flame of a candle, when it was seen that no ignition could be produced. But on the instant that the paper was relaxed, and air allowed to intrude itself between the iron and the paper, the combustion followed immediately. Carrying this principle into practical operation, Lord Stanhope invented a species of stucco or plaster for coating wood, which composition, by excluding the air, had the power of rendering fire perfectly harmless. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1778, his lordship gives a full account of the experiments performed by him in presence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, the members of the Royal Society, and other distinguished persons, whom he convinced thoroughly of the practicability of his plan, as well as of its complete efficacy. The possession of an ample fortune enabled his lordship, luckily, to try all his projects on the most perfect model scale.

On occasion of his fire-experiments, he had a large wooden house erected, and secured by his stucco composition. He subjected this house to various severe trials, and among others to the following, which is here described in his own words:—"I then caused another wooden building, of full fifty feet in length, and of three stories high in the middle, to be erected close to one end of the secured wooden house. I filled and covered this building with above eleven hundred large kiln faggots, and several loads of dry shavings, and I set this pile on fire. The height of the flame was not less than eighty-seven feet perpendicular from the ground, and the grass upon the bank, at a hundred and fifty feet from the fire, was scorched up; yet the secured wooden building contiguous to this vast heap of fire was not damaged in the least, excepting some parts of the outer coat of plaster-work. This experiment was intended to represent a wooden town on fire, and to show how effectually even a wooden building, if secured according to my new method, would stop the progress of the flames, as well as escape itself uninjured." Another experiment on the secured wooden house consisted in filling an under room in it with combustibles, and setting them on fire, when, although the heat was so intense as to melt the glass of the windows like sealing-wax, not one particle of injury was done to the walls or the ceiling, and people could sit down in the chamber above to an ice-cream entertainment, without feeling even any annoyance from the raging furnace beneath. A still more satisfactory proof of the efficacy of Lord Stanhope's fire-preventive was given some years afterwards, when a fire broke out at Chevening, his lordship's fine seat in Kent. Having rebuilt this mansion, he had taken care to secure it by his new method, but a portion of the offices remained accidentally unsecured, and here the flames originated, and burst forth with great fury. On reaching the secured portion, they were stopped at once, and this beautiful mansion was saved from destruction.

Passing over some less important instances of Lord Stanhope's inventive powers, his work (published in 1779) on the "Principles of Electricity" may now be adverted to, as affording testimony of his lordship's capability of grappling with the highest scientific questions. But even in considering this subject, his labours took, as usual, a decidedly practical turn. The mode of protecting houses against the terrible effects of lightning was one point which our noble author fully and experimentally investigated. A dispute was at that time agitating the scientific world, upon the proper shape for electrical conductors. Franklin had recommended long pointed conductors, but the printer of Philadelphia was a man whom some persons in Britain would then not be *sared* by, either from lightning or any other impending agent of destruction. Therefore, some intensely British philosopher suggested the use of short conductors ending in a ball, and the royal palaces of the country were secured, as was fitting, after this British mode. In fact, the question became in some measure a political one. As might be expected, Earl Stanhope took the side of science and natural truth, heedless whence that truth was enunciated, and demonstrated the superiority of the Franklinian mode, besides giving publicity to many original thoughts of his own on this and other points connected with the subject of electricity.

Navigation and ship-building occupied much of Lord Stanhope's attention at various periods of his active life. Regarding ship-building of the ordinary kind, it may be merely observed that many of his suggestions regarding the proper mould of ships, their bottom-coating, and other points, were extensively adopted in the dock-yards of Britain, and still possess their practical influence. The application of the power of steam to the purposes of navigation was one of his lordship's favourite subjects of speculation, and in concert with him did Fulton the American, to whom Earl Stanhope was a generous friend, enter on numerous experimental inquiries into this great question. In fact, his lordship was individually so certain of the possibility of perfecting this scheme, that he took out several patents in the immediate hope of bringing his views to a practical issue. But, notwithstanding all his expensive modellings, he did not succeed, unquestionably, in actually placing a working steam-ship on lake or sea. If unsuccessful in this pursuit, however, it is undeniable that canal navigation owes much to our noble inventor. His improvements on the locks of canals were of the highest service in that important department of internal intercourse, and to this day their value is practically felt over the whole land.

From Lord Stanhope having passed his whole life in inventing, and in improving or remodelling inventions, it is difficult to affix a precise date to any of his various labours. But it was in very early life—certainly before he was thirty years old—that he invented a calculating arithmetical machine, of the same order as that upon which Kepler spent many long years, though without arriving at the desired perfection; and of a character similar to that of the machine which a later philosopher, Babbage, has at length given to mankind in a complete state. Lord Stanhope's instruments, for in the course of time he constructed several of them, were very wonderful in themselves, and perfect as far as they went, but his lordship clearly saw and admitted that it was possible to form calculating engines of far higher grasp than any of his, and which might, indeed, be almost boundless in their powers. His discoveries in this quarter, however, can-

not be compared to those which he made in the art of printing, though his arithmetical speculations might exhibit his knowledge of theoretical science in a more favourable light. The "Stanhope Press" was a vast improvement on preceding printing-presses, and by this instrument, since his name has been rightly bestowed on it, will his memory go down to posterity, as the creator of an epoch in the noblest of all human arts. He has also been called the inventor of stereotyping, and if this be not the case, he had the merit, at least, of being the great improver of this most important process, which was introduced by him into general use. Another of his lordship's inventions bears the name of the "Stanhope Monochord," being connected, as the name implies, with the subject of music. His lordship possessed a fine musical taste, and published a little work on *tuning instruments*. His musical, like all his other speculations, were extremely curious and original.

Our space will not permit a further extension of this view of Lord Stanhope's labours as a natural philosopher, although the list of his inventions might be much augmented. It is necessary, however, to the completeness of this biographical sketch, that the remaining portion of it should be devoted to the recording of some features of his lordship's public, and also of his domestic, career. It has been mentioned already, that honesty was his leading characteristic as a statesman, and hence it was that his lordship often found himself standing politically alone, even those who thought with him keeping aloof, because they did not choose always to speak their minds as he did. From this cause he got the familiar name of "the minority of one" in the House of Lords, being so frequently unsupported in his motions. At the time of the French revolution, also, the principles upon which that mighty movement was originally commenced, met with the noble earl's most decided approbation, and even after its bloody consequences had repelled a large body of its early admirers, his lordship continued true to his first sentiments. Rationally considered, this conduct by no means implied an approval of those consequences, but the alarm was then at such a height that men could not consider things rationally, and Lord Stanhope was denounced, by tongue and pen, as a man who approved of a Marat's conduct, and would himself be a Marat under fitting circumstances. Such a degree of odium as this had its effect in separating his lordship from his family, whose guide and model was their powerful uncle, the premier. Lady Esther Stanhope (since renowned for her oriental career), Lady Lucy, and Lady Griselda, the earl's three children by Lady Esther Pitt, and his three sons by a second lady, the daughter of Governor Grenville, all left their noble father's society, and threw themselves on the guardianship of Mr Pitt. The eccentricities which were undoubtedly inherent in Lord Stanhope's character, formed the ostensible cause, at least, of this separation. He hated war, and would have none of his sons soldiers; he adored independence, and wished his junior sons to enter the useful professions, and not to accept of offices, or sinecures, or pensions, or become in any way burthensome to the country. Here the children were at variance with the father. Two of them entered the army, and several of them were endowed with pensions. But on this matter enough has been said, and we may conclude by stating, that the earl remained separated from his family to the last.

Apart from the isolated nature of the position which he usually held in the House of Lords, in consequence of what were then called his extreme opinions, though they are in all respects the same with those now entertained by even moderate politicians, there was a quaintness in Lord Stanhope's manner and matter as an orator, which made him be considered one of the most humorous speakers of his day. His delivery was careless and ungraceful, and his personal appearance did not remedy the defect, his body being tall and lank, and his face wan and thin, with a brow high and bald. Many of his sayings were terse and epigrammatic, and his name is one often to be seen in collections of jests and good things. He lived, such as we have described him, till his sixty-third year, when he died of dropsy, on the 17th of December 1816, at his seat in Kent.

In more respects than it has been found possible to point out in this article, Charles Earl Stanhope merits the grateful remembrance of posterity. Some of the subjects to which he directed his thoroughly practical genius, and the results thereof, have been here adverted to, but one can only guess at the indirect influence which he exerted on the same branches of knowledge by the encouragement of his noble example, and by the generous patronage which he bestowed on many of his poorer fellow-labourers in the same great field.

#### THE DOGS OF ST BERNARD.

With reference to a late article on the Dogs of the Convent of Mont St Bernard, the following facts of recent occurrence may here be introduced: they have found their way into the British newspapers, through a letter from Geneva.—"A few months since, a band of robbers, attracted by the hope of plunder (for there is generally a considerable sum in the treasury of the brotherhood), and trusting to their defencelessness, made an attempt on the place at night; and finding the doors locked and bolted, summoned the pious garrison to surrender. The fraternity endeavoured to dissuade the bandits from their enterprise by all the arguments which religion could suggest; and finding that their appeal was vain, and that the robbers were about to break through the doors of

the refectory, they let loose their dogs, eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when dispatched on errands of good—when irritated, or urged on in attack or defence, they are fierce and savage as wolves, with which they have been singly known to grapple, and even to face the bear. On this occasion they proved their wonted courage, for when sent forth against worse foes, they each took their man, and notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of the bandits, killed eleven of them, and wounded the others so severely, that they were left for dead upon the field. Many of the dogs fell victims in the encounter. The good fathers, forgetful of their wrongs after the conflict was over, carried the robbers that survived into the convent, dressed their wounds, and having healed them, sent them away with an exhortation, which, as far as the Convent of St Bernard is concerned, will doubtless be effectual."

#### ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT HURRICANE IN BARBADOS, IN 1831.

I WAS staying with a friend near Bridgetown, a part of the island which suffered most dreadfully, if one part could be said to be more ruined than another. The day and evening of the 10th of August presented nothing remarkable; the sun set finely, leaving a very red glow behind. At about eight o'clock in the evening, I was walking with my friend in the open air, and we both remarked the appearance of the sky, which, even then, retained a glow as if from the reflection of an enormous fire; but the air was perfectly calm and very warm. I remember observing to Mr Brathwaite, that "skies such as these were said to presage wind; and if so," I added, "we have a regular hurricane sky to-night." I spoke this in jest, very little dreaming of its unfortunate truth.

We soon after returned to the house, and played several rubbers at whist, till about nine o'clock, when the family retired to rest. All was still perfectly calm, but (I suppose from some affection of the air) I could not sleep. I knew not what to attribute this to, except indisposition; nor did I afterwards find that any one else was similarly affected. I lay restlessly till about ten o'clock, when a dog of Mr Brathwaite's, who had followed me to my room (which he had sometimes but not often done before), started up and came with a violent spring upon my bed, tearing at the same time a large hole in the mosquito net. I was surprised at the circumstance, and, vexed that he should have spoiled the muslin, I being a visitor in the house, hastily drove the dog off the bed. The wind was now rising, but it was as yet nothing—nothing to excite notice. Still I could not sleep, and the gale gradually, almost imperceptibly, increased. About an hour after, the dog again sprang suddenly up, and leaped again upon the bed, tearing the curtain a second time. I found it of no use trying to get rid of him, so let him lie quietly by my side; but the animal was evidently in a state of agitation, and did not sleep any more than myself. At about twelve o'clock the wind had risen to a tremendous height, and I began to feel considerable uneasiness. Presently a copper roofing in an adjoining room was torn off by the gale, and flapped backwards and forwards, making an unpleasant noise. I now got up, and put on part of my dress, feeling very uneasy, and yet not liking to disturb the family, thinking that my fears would only be ridiculed, and that I should be laughed at in the morning for my groundless apprehensions. I therefore returned to bed, still remaining partly dressed, and listened to the storm, which increased fearfully. At length, at about three o'clock in the morning (August 11), Mr Brathwaite came into my room, and told me that he thought I had better get up. "I hope in heaven," he said, "that there is no great cause of alarm; but the hurricane increases most awfully; the hall-door has been forced in, and in case of any thing occurring, it is better to be up and dressed." I immediately rose, and dressing in haste, I proceeded to pile up my trunk, desk, and dressing-case, one upon another, on a chair, clearing the floor as much as possible, because I supposed it probable that the roof would leak considerably. I then joined Mr Brathwaite in the drawing-room. The house consisted of a ground floor, on which this room was situated; a first floor, in which were our bedrooms; and a second floor, which contained garrets, where the wine, &c. was kept. The drawing-room was upwards of twenty feet long. Passing by one of the windows, of which the shutters were closed, I observed how strongly the wind blew through them; I was not at all aware that the glass was smashed to atoms, for the wind was so tremendous that it completely drowned every other sound. I placed my hand against the shutter to feel the current of air, and while I yet held it there, the gale drove the whole shutter, window-frame and all, completely into the room. I tried to replace it, and while I was so occupied, in came another and another window. The hall-door had been before driven open, and soon there was not another door left shut, or a window remaining in the house. There was one door which opened on a flight of stone



steps leading into the garden, and which was approached by a narrow passage, terminating at the opposite end in stairs which led to a garret; while this door was yet closed, I contrived, with the assistance of a servant, to place against it two boxes closely packed with house linen, and of great weight. We then left it.

By this time the drawing-room was so exposed by the breaking in of the windows, that the furniture was driven from one end to the other as though they had had wheels, and had received a furious push; chairs and heavy tables sliding violently about. We quitted the drawing-room, and all made for the chamber which was over it. In this place was now assembled the whole family, consisting of Mr Brathwaite, his two sisters, myself, and a number of servants and slaves, amounting altogether to about twenty persons. The windows were broken in, and the rain poured into the room in torrents. I now proceeded to read prayers to the party, Mr Brathwaite being very old and infirm, and perhaps more agitated by the terrors of the hour. While we were thus engaged, the wine, which was kept over head, was smashed by the falling roof; and being directly over our heads, we felt the shock, though the tremendous roar of the wind prevented our hearing the crash. One of the party now exclaimed, "Mr Hobson, I think the wine has gone; you are kneeling in a pool of wet; I fear you will catch cold." I thought it very strange that the idea of catching cold should occur to a person aware that the roof had fallen in. The floor of the room above us now gave way, and broke the ceiling of that in which we were, so that we could see the sky; the window-frames were gone; and I long tried, but it was in vain, to keep a light burning under a glass shade. We were involved in pitchy darkness, except for the almost incessant lightning, which was frightfully vivid, and made the succeeding gloom more awful; the flashes were so close that the thunder must have been tremendous; but in consequence of the overwhelming noise of the wind, we could not hear a single clap. When the ceiling gave way, a rush was made to the door; but the two or three persons who got first into the open air had their hats and mantles instantly whirled away by the storm, which alarmed the party within; and the cry was then, "Come in, come in, for God's sake! We shall all be killed, but let us keep together!" All now returned, and we stood linked tightly arm in arm together, endeavouring to support ourselves and each other. The floor was now a foot deep of water, the wind blew completely through the room, and, except the lightning, all was completely dark. The time was inconceivably horrible; men, women, and children, screaming and groaning in utter despair, or crying piteously for mercy, endeavouring in that awful hour to make up a short account with heaven—imploping for pardon and pity with the most fearful supplications. No words can give even the most imperfect idea of the horrors around us; not one of us expected to live an hour longer. The hurricane raged till 5 A.M. 11th August, when it began to abate, but so imperceptibly that we could not for a moment trust to its decreasing. At length the day broke. I need not attempt to describe what a blessed relief it was. I am confident that during that night there was not one person in the island of Barbadoes, who in the least expected to see daylight again. I have conversed with many on the subject, and every one has owned that they were in utter despair of life.

We now perceived that the bedroom I had been used to occupy—in short, all the rest of the house—had fallen in, though, notwithstanding their proximity, the wind had prevented us from hearing the crash. I now felt so much alarmed for the remainder of the building, that I proposed that we should tie together the sheets of the bed, and let ourselves down from the window into the open air; but, having remembered the stone steps, we now repaired to them. The wind had burst open the door, and driven the heavy boxes I have mentioned some way up the garret stairs; the force of the current of air in that narrow passage was almost incredible. We went down into the garden, but the wind was still so tremendous that we were obliged to creep down on all-fours, it being impossible to keep our feet. Scarcely a tree was left standing, or those which remained were mere sticks, the boughs completely stripped off; it was wonderful to see huge mountain cabbage-trees, more than eighty feet long, lying every where prostrate. I was told by a young man who clung for refuge to the stump of a newly felled tree, not above ten feet in length, and of great size and strength, that the wind shook it tremendously.

By about 8 A.M. the storm had completely subsided; the day which succeeded was lovely in the extreme; not a cloud was visible, but the air was very close. Mr Brathwaite and myself walked round the estate to see the extent of the damage. The scene of desolation was most horrible; it was as if fire had gone all over the country, which presented a brown and scathed appearance, where only the evening before had been the most beautiful fertility; the wooden buildings were every where levelled. In Coddington College, a stone edifice consisting of a centre and wings, the top story of each of the latter (containing together sixteen rooms) was carried smoothly away. The ground was every where stuck closely over with large splinters of wood, carried by the wind, and driven in so far that a man could not extricate them, and even into trees of hard wood. A poor woman had one of these splinters driven by the wind through both her legs; amputation was necessary, and she died while they were cutting off the second leg. In the fields round the college I observed

whole heaps of dead birds piled together at regular intervals, as if they had been laid there mechanically. The mills, being circular stone buildings, were left standing, and at this late season of the year the sails were all taken down; but the power of the wind even over the bare arms was so great as to set the mills in motion. One man, who had taken refuge in a mill, without the least idea that it was moving, was caught up, and instantly killed.

The effect of the storm upon animals was singular. Every horse, cow, or other domestic animal we met, appeared in a state of utter stupification. Their eyes, ears, and nostrils, were filled with blown marl, dust, and sand, and they seemed to have been completely deafened by the tempest; where they were not in this torpor, madness had been the consequence. Horses, when let out of their stalls, rushed furiously about, and numbers threw themselves over precipices into the sea, or down declivities, where they were dashed to pieces. But the effects on human minds were most horrible of all. Every man felt himself at once utterly ruined; every thing seemed swept away, and starvation stared us in the face. This was dreadful enough, but it was not the worst. In every place were met mothers distractedly searching for their children, husbands for their wives, children for their parents, amidst the ruins of their fallen habitations. The most affecting incidents occurred. Sometimes whole families having taken refuge in their cellars, the entire house fell over, and buried them, and no rescue could be attempted; the survivors were too much engaged in digging among the ruins of their own dwellings, or searching the country for their relations and friends.

The number of the wounded was frightfully incredible; the cathedral and two other churches which remained standing, were immediately converted into hospitals, and filled with wounded; but many persons had received most dangerous cuts and contusions, without being in the least aware of it, so great was the universal terror; and we saw many riding and walking about with alarming wounds, themselves quite unconscious of the injuries they had received. Every face wore a look of heart-rending despair and stupefaction.

To return to Mr Brathwaite and his estate. I have said that the house was almost entirely ruined. One very small room, in which harness used to be kept, and which was paved with brick, was the only refuge we could find; our only refreshment a cup of coffee, which we did not get till 1 P.M.; and in this miserable place we had to pass the night. We piled together old tables and chairs, and placed on the top some wooden shutters, and this place was assigned to the females, while we disposed of ourselves as we could. Ladies, slaves, and servants, were all huddled together, for of course all form and ceremony was completely done away with: all were on a level of misfortune. Sleep was nearly impossible, and in this comfortless state several nights were passed. Meanwhile, the most alarming reports were every where circulated; at one time we heard that the blacks were in insurrection, and that they had resolved on a general massacre of the white population; at another, that the garrison was in mutiny; and every individual had some affecting tale to tell of his total ruin, his dangers and escapes. One young man told me how, his whole family and children being assembled at prayers, they saw the whole front of the house fall forward into the street; his wife was beside him, and a heavy piece of furniture falling on her legs, prevented her from moving, and it was by a considerable exertion of force that he succeeded in dragging her out. They then escaped with their children into the open fields, when the wind forced them apart, driving his wife and one child towards an extremity of the field, forcing himself and the others in opposite directions. While he was searching for his companions, a flash of lightning struck him, and he fell insensible; nor was he restored without much difficulty when he was found next morning. On recovering his senses, he went in search of his wife, and then, both together, they looked for the children—all were found in different parts of the plain, completely numbed with cold and rain. The cold during the storm was excessive; but it is a singular circumstance that no one died from the inclemency of the weather, but the slightest wound festered and mortified, so that lock-jaw was continually ensuing; every hour brought numberless deaths. Those whom we had seen the day after the hurricane riding or walking about, quite unconscious of having received a scratch, we heard of the next day as confined to bed with fevers, lock-jaws, &c., which proved fatal in almost every case. Numbers had been dreadfully lacerated in their feet by the broken glass and crockery every where strewn about, and from nails sticking in the shingle, which was blown off the roofs. I heard of one particularly singular death in this way. Two sisters, daughters of a clergyman, left their room together; just as they crossed the threshold, one stumbled and fell, dragging down with her her sister, whose hand she held, and who was unable to rise. When they were found in the morning, the one who first fell still clasped her sister's hand, who, when recovered, conceived that she was in a state of insensibility occasioned by terror, and attributed her coldness to the rain; but the cause was more fatal: she was dead and stiff; two wounds were found, one on the top of the head, apparently produced by a blow from a beam, another at the back of the neck, attributed to a piece of shingle (which was every where flying about), and which, having a

nail through it, had stuck in, and produced instantaneous death. I heard only of one person on the island who had had any anticipation of the catastrophe—a Mr Shaughan, who, on the evening of the 10th, was dining with a party of gentlemen: he rose after dinner, and said, "Gentlemen, I would advise every one who has any regard for his property to return home and secure it immediately, for I am certain that a very severe hurricane is approaching; if any one will put his ear to the ground, he will be aware of a very uncommon noise." The company, however, put no faith in his words, and thought him intoxicated; he instantly returned home, and gave orders for securing his property as well as possible; his wife and family also attributed his behaviour to convivial excess, but he, insisting on obedience, saved much of his possessions.

We now began to clear away the rubbish, and found a great deal of our property, but broken (or, as the Barbadians expressively say, *mashed*) in pieces, and on Saturday we enjoyed the relief of clean clothes and water, Mr Brathwaite and I performing our toilette at a pond, resigning, of course, the room to the ladies. On Monday I went to the town, a distance of about ten miles, and was constantly obliged to use a bottle of salts, for dead animals and birds were lying in numbers on the way, and the air was in a dreadful state with their putrifying carcasses. It was wonderful that no plague ensued. During this day's ride I saw numbers of persons who were obliged to take refuge in the marl pits, &c. with no covering but an old umbrella, in the most extreme state of wretchedness.

The manner in which the houses in the town were rent, was exceedingly curious, and seems to countenance the idea that an earthquake accompanied the storm. Among the strange objects observable in the street, was a large block of mahogany, which the wind had carried from the quay some way up the street: I say the wind, for though the sea rose considerably, it never advanced far enough or in nearly sufficient depth to float the block to where I saw it. In like manner the wind had blown the ships completely out of the water, and laid them high and dry; the sailors made no attempt at resistance, but remained quietly on the beach in a very snug shelter. It is said that the sea was very much agitated before the wind came, but I was not near enough to the ocean to confirm or deny the assertion. An army ship being near the island, stood off and on during the night, and in the morning ran into the bay; she perceived immediately what was our state, and instantly made for the other islands, to give notice that Barbadoes was in ruins. In about eight days, supplies began to arrive from the other islands. Our fears of famine were ill founded, for the corn, though damaged, was almost ripe, and was thrown in heaps, and still quite available. £100,000 was granted by England for our relief, £75,000 of which was allotted to Barbadoes, the rest to St Lucia and St Vincent, which, however, suffered nothing in comparison. A very large subscription was also raised in England, and happily the crops had been shipped off before the hurricane occurred. The deaths were about 1700 in a population of 100,000.

It was surprising to see how soon the buildings were raised again; in three months the island looked quite restored, for there was much rain, and the weather altogether was very favourable for vegetation.

#### NAN CLARGES, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

THE famous George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and the chief agent in effecting the Restoration, was in early life an officer in the service of Charles I., when that monarch was engaged in contention with his Parliament. While in this employment, the fortune of war threw Colonel Monk into the hands of the adverse general, Fairfax, by whom he was sent to the Tower of London. Here he lay for two years, choosing rather to endure all the rigours of confinement and poverty, than to accept the inviting offers made to him by the anti-royalist party, to whom his military abilities were already well known. In fact, George Monk would probably have fallen a victim to the severities of his fate in the Tower, but for the assistance which he derived from a very humble source. A poor girl, the daughter of a blacksmith named Clarges, had served Colonel Monk in the capacity of sempstress. Anne, or, as she was much more commonly called, Nan Clarges, was far from being handsome; it is even said that she was far from being nice or cleanly in her garb and exterior. But Monk was in want, and the girl exerted herself to give him aid. To her, it is said, he frequently owed the food required for his sustenance, when he had no visible means of obtaining it from any other quarter. Monk was noted all his days for being a man of plain tastes. It is the less, therefore, to be wondered at that he gave his affections to this humble minister to his necessities. No marriage took place at this time; but when Monk cast aside his scruples so far as to accept a command from Cromwell against the Irish, and in this and other employments had risen to high distinction among the Commonwealth leaders, Nan Clarges became his wife, notwithstanding the lowliness of her origin, her own degraded condition, and the character of her kindred. The last must have been the most serious difficulty to surmount, one would think, as the mother of Nan Clarges was a woman (according to Aubrey) of by no means fair reputation, and was,

besides, "one of five women barbers," so notorious all of them in the city, that a ballad was made upon them, the burden of which ran thus:—

Did you ever hear the like,  
Or ever hear the same,  
Of five women barbers,  
That lived in Drury-Lane?

Nevertheless, as the lady of General Monk, Nan filled no mean place in the eye of the world during the times of the Cromwells; and when these were past, the share which her husband had in placing Charles II. on his throne, made her a British peeress of the first rank, namely, Duchess of Albemarle. Her understanding, it is said, was not unworthy of such a station, and this, probably, was the quality which Monk valued in her. In Granger's Biographical History of England, we are informed that the general "often consulted her in the greatest emergencies." How odd to think that the continuation of monarchy in Britain materially depended on a sempstress girl, the daughter of a poor blacksmith, and a woman-barber of low fame! Yet such seems to have been the case. Monk could have turned the balance as he chose, previously to the Restoration, and his wife, the most influential of his counsellors, was a thorough royalist. "It is probable (says Granger) that she had no inconsiderable share in the Restoration. She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-councillors in the list which the general presented to the king on landing." The Duchess of Albemarle did a worse act than aiding to restore the king, when she persuaded Monk to abet the fall of one of the best statesmen England ever possessed. "She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon, and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail with him to help to ruin that excellent man, though he was one of his best friends."

On account of the latter circumstances, we must perhaps take with some reservation the many charges brought against the duchess in the Continuation of Clarendon's Life. Certain it is, however, that her husband's influence enabled her to carry on a lucrative trade in selling offices, which always went to the highest bidder. Another fault of hers is more certain—that she retained the low manners of her early life to her dying hour. Her temper was one that soon "took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of vulgar execrations against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife."

Samuel Pepys, secretary to the admiralty in Charles II.'s time, tells us, in his candid and curious diary, that the Duchess of Albemarle was a "plain, homely dowdy," and a "very ill-looking woman." He also gives various anecdotes of her want of breeding and her shrewish temper. She uttered a most affronting saying respecting Lord Sandwich on an occasion when Pepys and other chief intimates of Lord S. were present. "At table the duchesse, complaining of her lord's going to sea next year, uttered these biting words:—'If my lord had been a coward, he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused and made an ambassador' (meaning Lord Sandwich). This made me mad, and I believed she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much." Pepys also tells us of her selling of offices. For example, "My Lady Monk hath disposed of all the places which Mr Edward Montague hoped to have had, which I am afraid will undo him, as he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places."—which shows us that, after all, as far as offices were concerned, the duchess only did as those around her did at the period.

#### THE IRISH POOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Irish poor who emigrate into England and Scotland are of two classes; those who come for a short period and for a particular purpose, such as reaping during the time of harvest—and those who break off all connection with their country, and settle permanently in Great Britain. It is to the latter class that the following observations refer.

The first most powerful impulse to Irish emigration into this country was occasioned by the Irish rebellion of 1798. Many who had been implicated in the events of that unhappy period were driven to seek an asylum in parts of England and Scotland, where they would be unknown, and might, as it were, begin life anew. It happened, likewise, that the Irish rebellion was coincident, in point of time, with the first introduction of the spinning of cotton by power into the West of Scotland; and there existed, at that period, among the native working classes of both sexes in that district, a strong objection to factory labour, so that the master-spinners of Paisley and Glasgow were glad to employ the Irish as being the only persons who would work for them; by which means the Irish obtained a footing in the cotton-mills of those two great manufacturing towns, which they have in a great measure retained up to the present day. In England there was not the same pre-

judice among the natives against factory labour; consequently, in the great English cotton manufactories, there are, on the whole, few Irish, especially in the higher branches of the trade.

The great bulk of the Irish population, both in England and Scotland, is formed of the common day-labourers. Without excelling in any branch of industry, they may be said to have obtained the almost exclusive possession of all the lowest departments of manual labour in this country. There appears to be in Ireland a general disposition to emigrate in search of more profitable employment; and many of the Irish leave their country with very vague and ill-defined projects, and with highly exaggerated notions of the chances of success in England. This disposition to emigrate seems to have been further encouraged by the cheap and regular communication which has taken place between the two countries, within the last fifteen years, by means of steam navigation.

When the lateness of the period at which the Irish began to emigrate is considered, the number of Irish in England and Scotland is perhaps greater than might have been expected. In the year 1834, their number was estimated in Lanarkshire at 50,000, in Edinburgh at 10,000, in Dundee at 6000, in Aberdeen between 2500 and 3000. A large part of the population of Ayrshire is also stated to be Irish, particularly in its southern parts. Of the population of Wigtownshire, which in 1831 amounted to 36,258, two-thirds are supposed to be Irish, or of Irish extraction; as is likewise a large part of the population of Kirkcubrightshire. In Lancashire the number of Irish is calculated not to exceed 100,000. In 1833, there were 35,000 Irish in Manchester, of whom 30,000 were Catholic, and 5000 Protestant. In Birmingham there are about 6000 Irish; and they are diffused over the other parts of England and Scotland, in various degrees of proportion to the population at large.

The great bulk of the Irish poor in Great Britain are chiefly employed in the towns, at various kinds of coarse unskilled labour, and especially in the several branches of the building trade, as masons', bricklayers', and plasterers' labourers, brickmakers, quarrymen, &c. At Liverpool and Glasgow, a very large portion of the porters engaged in loading and unloading vessels at the quays are likewise Irish.\* In no part of England have the Irish settled in the country as agricultural labourers. In the south-west of Scotland, however, a large part of the native population has been displaced by Irish settlers, and nearly all the lower descriptions of farm labour in Wigtownshire, Kirkcubrightshire, and the southern extremity of Ayrshire, are now performed by Irish. A great portion of the Irish poor in this country subsist by mendicancy. Whilst some few of this class have come over with the deliberate intention of gaining a livelihood by begging, the greater part of the mendicants have doubtless become such from their inability to obtain employment; and have afterwards continued from preference the mode of life to which they were originally driven by necessity.

The dwellings of the Irish in Great Britain are of the cheapest kind that can be procured; and thus they are collected in the lowest, dampest, dirtiest, and most unhealthy parts of the towns. In Liverpool and Manchester very many of them inhabit cellars, which are always dark and confined, and frequently wet. They have likewise a practice of living, to a great extent, in lodging-houses, in which single beds are let by the week or the night, and large numbers are crowded together in the same room. The state of these houses is usually wretched in the extreme; and from the filthy condition of the bedding, the want of the commonest articles of furniture, the uncleanly habits of the inmates themselves, and the numbers which, without distinction of age or sex, are closely crowded together, they are frequently the means of generating and communicating infectious diseases.

It does not appear that the Irish labourers who settle in Great Britain, increase, to any considerable extent, their comforts, or improve their style of living, in proportion to the increase of their incomes. They seem to have a fixed standard of existence, little, if indeed at all, superior to that which they have observed in their own country; and, generally speaking, every thing beyond the sum which enables them to live in this manner is spent in drinking. It might have been imagined that an increase of wages would naturally have led to an increase of comforts. This, however, upon inquiry, has not been found to be the fact. The additional earnings are not spent in obtaining comforts, or even necessities, but luxuries, and those too of the kind for immediate consumption. But although a large part of the Irish settlers retain their former habits of life unaltered, and others are deteriorated, in some degree, by their change of abode and the new relations in which they are placed, yet there are many on whom a beneficial influence is exercised, and whose character and habits are improved by the change. As in Edinburgh, so in other large towns, there is a class of persons ori-

\* In fact, the Irish are in many places of great use in working at operations for which native Scotch cannot well be procured. They seem to possess an enterprise and hardiness in working, of which the lower orders of our own people are deficient. In Edinburgh, many of them have within the last few years taken up the trade of selling fish in small aw-carts, and have thus, as far as the environs of the city and country around are concerned, possessed the ground formerly in the hands of the native fishermen. The higher class of Irish who have engaged in trade in Edinburgh, are among the most industrious and well behaved of the community.

ginally from "dear ould Ireland," who are highly respectable, and, indeed, no way inferior to the Scotch or English. If, in general, the example of the native working classes is not found to exercise as powerful an influence on the Irish settlers, in point of domestic improvement, as might have been anticipated, it arises chiefly from the separation and want of intercourse between the two classes. In dress and personal appearance, however, the Irish usually make a considerable improvement; the example of the natives being the motive, and the increased earnings affording the means.

Upon the whole, the Irish poor who settle in Great Britain cannot be said to be a thriving people, and, for the most part, their condition is only one degree better than it was in their own country.

#### THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eye never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock—for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the valet's mouth, so that he was often caught—hung as it were in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies, and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the —, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household, quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave; "look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by his hugeness?" replied straight the serving-groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes; "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as the bulls in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on—the lord in silence; but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow, had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master. "I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any forwardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not: for, assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken! and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep; to it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then the knave thought, long, indeed, must the journey be for some who are now here: and as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him, who now went gaily on; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This, ah no!" replied the lord; "this is but a brook; no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him, that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox, but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized roe!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Long, indeed, still thought the serving-groom, and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkest heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this." And more he said not: yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is in my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a calf!" "Large or small, let me



not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth me not at all."

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains, and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that Reynard was not larger than a fat waddler sheep!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this fox? Rather spur we our horses, for we have far to go." "Stone and bone," said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Alas! alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah! miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur we our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that were it lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed: but who shall pass these over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace." And as he rallied against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by stone and bone, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words, and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit. —*London Magazine.*

#### EGGS AND POULTRY.

AMONG all nations, and throughout all grades of society, eggs have been a favourite food. But in all our cities, and particularly in winter, they are sold at such prices that few families can afford to use them at all, and even those who are in easy circumstances consider them too expensive for common use. There is no need of this. Every family, or nearly every family, can with very little trouble have eggs in plenty during the whole year; and of all the animals domesticated for the use of man, the common dunghill fowl is capable of yielding the greatest possible profit to the owner. In the month of November I put apart eleven hens and a cock, gave them a small chamber, in a wood-house, defended from storms, with an opening to the south. Their food, water, and lime, were placed on shelves convenient for them, with nests and chalk nest-eggs in plenty. These hens continued to lay eggs throughout the winter. From these eleven hens I received an average of six eggs daily, during winter, and whenever any one of them was disposed to sit, namely, as soon as she began to cluck, she was separated from the others by a grated partition, and her apartment darkened. These cluckers were well attended and well fed: they could see and partly associate through the grates with the other fowls, and as soon as any one of these prisoners began to sing, she was liberated, and would very soon lay eggs. It is a pleasant thing to feed and tend a bevy of laying hens: they may be tamed so as to follow the children, and will lay in a box.

Egg-shells contain lime, and when in winter the earth is bound with frost, or covered with snow, if lime is not provided for them, they will not lay, or if they do, the eggs of necessity must be without shells. Old rubbish lime, from chimneys and old buildings, is proper for them, and only needs to be broken. They will often attempt to swallow pieces of lime and plaster as large as walnuts. The singing hen will certainly lay eggs, if she find all things agreeable to her; but the hen is so much a prude, as watchful as a weasel, and as fastidious as a hypocrite; she must, she will have secrecy and mystery about her nest: all eyes but her own must be averted: follow or watch her, and she will forsake her nest and stop laying. She is best pleased with a box covered at the top, with a back aperture for light, and a side door by which she can escape unseen. A farmer may keep one hundred fowls in the barn, may suffer them to trample upon and destroy his mows of corn, and other grains, and still have fewer eggs than the cottager who keeps a single dozen, who provides secret nests, chalk eggs, pounded bricks, plenty of corn, water, and gravel for them, and who takes care that his hens are not disturbed about their nests.

Three chalk eggs in a nest are better than one, and large eggs please them most: I have often smiled to see them fondle round and lay into a nest of geese eggs. Pullets will begin to lay early in life when nests and eggs are plenty, and when others are chuckling around them. A dozen dunghill fowls, shut up away from other means of obtaining food, will require something more than a quart of corn a-day. I think fifteen bushels a-year a fair allowance for them, but, more or less, let them always

have enough by them, and after they have become habituated to find enough at all times, they take but few kernels at a time, except just before retiring to roost, when they will take nearly a spoonful in their crops; but, just so sure as their provisions come to them scanted or irregularly, so surely will they raven up a whole cropful at a time, and will stop laying. A single dozen fowls, well attended, will furnish a family with more than two thousand eggs a-year, and one hundred full-grown chickens for the fall and winter stores. The expense of feeding a dozen fowls will not amount to more than eighteen bushels of corn. They may be kept in cities as well as in the country; will do as well shut up the year round as to run at large; and a grated room, well lighted, ten feet by five, partitioned from a stable or other outhouse, is sufficient for the dozen fowls, with their roosting-places, nests, and feeding-troughs. In the spring of the year five or six hens will hatch at a time, and the fifty or sixty chickens may be given to one hen. Two hens will take care of one hundred chickens well enough until they begin to climb their little stick roosts: they should then be separated from the hens entirely. I have often kept the chickens, when young, in my garden: they keep the May-bugs and other insects from the vines, &c. &c. In case of confining fowls in summer, it should be remembered that a ground-floor should be chosen, or it would be just as well to set in their pen boxes of well-dried pulverised earth for them to wallow in in warm weather. Their pens should be kept clean. —*Scotch Reformer's Gazette.*

[We give the above as containing perhaps some useful information, but do not ourselves attach much credit to the statements which are made. We have tried to keep fowls in a moderately confined situation, but, like many others, have failed to make them pay for their food. Unless hens have a good run of ground, and can pick up a large share of their food without expense to their proprietor, it is almost useless, and in some degree cruel, to keep them. The plan proposed, however, can be tried by those who have spare time and accommodation, and to whom the risk of failure is no object.]

#### POWER AND GENTLENESS,

OR THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

Noble the Mountain Stream,  
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;  
Glory is in its gleam  
Of brightness:—thunder in its deafening sound!  
Mark, how its foamy spray,  
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,  
Mimics the bow of day  
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies:—  
Thence, in a summer-shower,  
Steeping the rocks around:—O! tell me where  
Could majesty and power  
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?  
Yet lovelier, in my view,  
The Streamlet, flowing silently serene;  
Traced by the brighter hue,  
And livelier growth it gives:—itself unseen!  
It flows through flowery meads,  
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;  
Its quiet beauty feeds  
The alders that overshadow it with their boughs.  
Gently it murmurs by  
The village churchyard:—its low, plaintive tone  
A dirge-like melody  
For worth and beauty modest as its own.  
More gaily now it sweeps  
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;  
And o'er the pebbles leaps,  
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.  
May not its course express,  
In characters which they who run may read,  
The charms of gentleness,  
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?  
What are the trophies gained  
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,  
To that meek wreath, unstained,  
Won by the charities that gladden life?  
Niagara's streams might fall,  
And human happiness be undisturbed:  
But Egypt would turn pale,  
Were her still Nile's overflowing bounty curbed!

—*Poems of Bernard Barton.*

#### A LONDON DAIRY.

Laycock's dairy, at Islington, covers a space of sixteen acres, including the layers, grain-pits, rick-yards, &c. &c. It contains nine cow-houses, each about one hundred and forty feet in length, by twenty-four feet broad; each of these contains sixty-four cows, thirty-two on a side. There are also fattening pens, and an infirmary for such of them as may happen to require temporary separation; these instances, however, considering the great number kept, and the artificial mode of treatment, are but rare. The animals, all of the finest description, are constantly kept in the houses both day and night; in the summer season only, being turned out for a few hours daily into the layers. Cows are rarely kept here longer than twelve months, during which period they are regularly milked; and, what may appear extraordinary to those ignorant of the management, the process of fattening goes on with the milking; so that, by the time they become what is termed "dry," most of them are fit for Smithfield, and but few of the number (six hundred constantly kept) require "stalling" after the period of milking is at an end. This number affords twelve hundred gallons of milk per diem, upon the average; it is taken away at an early hour in the morning and afternoon by the vendors, who purchase here to retail in the metropolis. The average worth of each cow is about £18, which, assuming the number kept always to average six hundred (the

minimum rather than otherwise), gives a capital of £10,800, always aloft to stock this stupendous dairy with cows only. Their food consists of grains, mangel wurzel, the Swedish turnip (the latter for fattening), and hay, at the rate of one bushel of grains, 56 pounds of mangel wurzel or turnip, and 12 pounds of hay, to each; or 600 bushels of grains, 15 tons of wurzel and turnip, and 63.28 tons of hay, per day, to the total number. The quantity of butter made here is, for an obvious reason, small, and rarely exceeds 100 pounds per week. The number of pigs kept here is about 400; some bred, others bought in, and all fattened here. Forty horses are always required, and constantly employed upon the dairy. Such is one of the London lactaries; there are many of them, some of larger, several of equal, and a few of inferior extent. —*Bucks Gazette.*

#### EFFECT OF MARSHES IN PRODUCING FEVER.

There can be no doubt that fever is always prevalent in the neighbourhood of marshes. Warden, in his account of the United States of America, remarks, "All low parts of the United States, along the banks of rivers and lakes, and near the borders of stagnant waters, and in marshy situations, where vegetable or animal substances, in a state of decay, are exposed to the action of the autumnal sun, are subject to an intermittent or bilious fever. In every low situation, where the rich vegetable soil is first exposed to the action of the sun, or where the water disappearing presents to its action a muddy surface, deleterious emanations are produced, which, ascending to the surface of a neighbouring hill, become the cause of disease there, as well as near the surface where they originated." He gives a great number of instances of fevers having broken out in America in the neighbourhood of marshes; and he also cites, from various authors, cases showing the pestilential effect of marshes in Europe on the health. The Pontine marshes in Italy are well known to have produced for centuries numerous febrile diseases. Lancisi, physician to Pope Clement XI., relates, that in the vicinity of Rome, thirty persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank, being on a party of pleasure near the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the south across putrid marshes; and that such was its effect, that all except one were suddenly seized with tertian fever. An inundation of the rivers in Hungary, which covered many parts of the country with stagnant waters, is said to have occasioned the loss of 40,000 of the Austrian army. The annual overflowing of the Nile has produced the same effect, from the earliest times, at Alexandria and other places. In August 1765, a continued or remitting fever was produced among the soldiers and marines stationed in the island of Portsea, in the neighbourhood of stagnant waters, and a great number of them were carried off. Warden remarks, that "the most extraordinary fact regarding marsh miasms is, that their influence is more sensibly felt on the summit of the neighbouring hills than on the very borders of the marsh whence they emanate. An invisible and pestiferous vapour, which rises by its lightness, or is wafted by currents of air, hovers on the summit during the hot season, and soon paralyses the strongest constitutions." He gives several instances where such pestilential exhalations had produced fevers at the distance of two miles. The short duration of human life in marshy districts has been remarked by all writers on population. For example, the average duration of life is at least one-third lower in Holland than in England or France. In Switzerland, according to the observations of Muret, the probability of life, or the age to which half the born live, was as follows:—In nine parishes of the Alps, 47 years; in 41 parishes of the Pays de Vaud and Jura, 42; in 12 parishes where grain was cultivated, 40; in 18 parishes among the great vineyards, 37; in one marshy parish, 24! —*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, July 1839.*

#### THE RULES OF THE KING'S BENCH.

The rules are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets, in which debtors who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do not derive any benefit, are permitted to reside by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money to starve in jail, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity. There are many pleasant fictions of the law in constant operation, but there is not one so pleasant or practically humorous as that which supposes every man to be of equal value in its impartial eye, and the benefits of all laws to be equally attainable by all men, without the smallest reference to the furniture of their pockets. —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

#### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness of affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom muttered, and so soon forgotten! —*The same.*

#### OPINION OF LONDON.

A worthy countryman from the neighbourhood of Auld Reekie having been on a visit to London for the first time, was addressed by a friend on his return:—"Well, John, what think ye o' London noo—is'n' yon a gran' place?" "A gran' place!" echoed the disappointed tourist; "Oh, man, Sandy, it's just like a thousand Coo-gates!"

EDINBURGH: Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place.—Agents, W. S. OAR, London; G. YOUNG, Dublin; J. MACLEOD, Glasgow; and sold by all booksellers.

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